

Spring Remedies

"THIS is the time," the doctors say, "when people need our bitters; the sunny, languid, vernal day is hard on human critters. They're always feeling tired and stale, their blood is thick and sluggish, and so they ought to blow their kales for pills and potions druggish." And, being told we're in a plight, we swallow down in rivers, to get our kidneys acting right, and jack up rusty livers. We pour down tea of sassafras, as ordered by the sabbons, and chewing predigested grass, we exercise our jawbones. We swallow pints of purple pills, and fool with costly drunches, to drive away imagined ills and pipe-dream aches and wrenches. And if we'd only take the space, and dig the fertile gumbo, the ghost of sickness would be laid, and we'd be strong as Jumbo. Of perfect health, that previous noon, we'd have refreshing glimpses, if we would toil each afternoon out where the jimpies jimpies. There's medicine in azure skies, and sunshine is a wonder; more cures are wrought by exercise than by all bottled thunder. So let's forsake the closed-up room, and hoe weeds cockle-burris, where elderberry bushes bloom, and juniberreries flourish.

—WALT MASON.

El Paso's Good Friend

EL PASO'S tribute to Gen. Hugh L. Scott is not only what is due to a very good friend, but also what is due to a soldier of most honorable record. Gen. Scott has not been a "revolving chair" soldier. He has had his frontier and foreign service like the rest, and his greatest work has been among the Indians of the western plains. He takes into the office of assistant chief of staff a singularly rich experience, that should be reflected in many desirable progressive undertakings for the good of the army.

But it is as a good friend, not merely as an official of high degree, that El Paso will always think of Gen. Scott. He has not held himself apart from the people, as if he were some different or exalted being. He has kept close to the people ever since he came, and has always been ready to take his part as a citizen in everything that was going on. He has made friends readily, and what is more, he has kept them invariably. So he need not think that he is to get rid of his old El Paso connections just because he is being punished by being sent away to Washington. The Herald will not be surprised if Gen. Scott returns here after his retirement, to settle down and spend the remainder of his life in "the city that never looks back."

And El Paso will not forget how tactfully and how efficiently Gen. Scott has handled the difficult situation existing here on the border by reason of the revolution over the way. At all times he has conducted himself and interpreted his official duty in such a way as to improve, not place in jeopardy, the international relations and the peace and order of these neighbor cities. For all of which, much thanks; and may his reward be such as he deserves, and such as the people of El Paso desire for him, their good friend.

Time for spring fever, but everybody knows it.

Spring Woods

ONE HAS missed much who has not known the Virginia woods in early April—arbutus coming into bloom crisply pink like coral, sweeter than sandal wood, half hidden under the flat lying leaves but revealing itself by its fragrance; violets blue, that cannot be compared with anything; ferns and grasses green as emeralds along the little trickling tenuous waterways; hickory buds fat and young, maples hung with red fringes, scarlet coming in the maple twigs and the young persimmon shoots, hemlocks hanging their evergreen draperies over the waterfalls, leaves as fine and flat as threads of lace; beeches gray and quiet but somehow showing the new life though without a flutter of green about their quaker grayness, the hillside still carpeted with the thick brown plush of their fine brown leaves fallen last October and November, points over delicate points and delicate brows overlapping; frogs fluting in the shallows, robins cheering up from the highest tree tops, blue bird wings flashing at the edge of the forest, black grackles solemn as persons walking about the cleared spaces, rabbits scurrying velvet footed, little streams babbling and crowding their way down to the river, mists coming up the orchard slope, and the fruit trees full of buds ready to break into the wonderful blooming of the orchards.

So far nothing better than a mule has been found to tow canal barges along their lazy way. No motors or bicycle tracks or straight airplanes have displaced the mule's figure of stubbornness, the animate form of contrariness.

Westinghouse, Life Saver

THE WORLD cannot count the debt it owes to George Westinghouse, yet he had all that a man can ask, wealth, luxury, time and clear space for his thoughts, honor in his own land, and honors heaped on honors from other countries besides his own. The world could not have given him much more; but by his inventing and making successful the air brake there never can be any toll taken of the wreckage or lives saved.

A foreigner, a diplomat, put it neatly when he said that Westinghouse, with his air brakes has saved more people than any general ever lost in battle, which, by measuring the achievements of peace with those of war, emphasizes both.

Pennsylvania is encouraging farmers to establish fish ponds. The state fish commission gives out the promising statement that, if an acre raises 5000 or 6000 fish as it ought, at 10c a pound, it pays better than most crops.

Portland, Oregon, sentenced a millionaire to five days work on the city rock pile for speeding his automobile. Those who walk will say, more power to Portland's elbow, and those who go in automobiles will see in it one more instance of the many injustices done them. Almost every automobile driver argues that he kills fewer people going fast than he would if he went slow. Almost every one on foot says he is sure he will live longer if automobiles slow up at crossings.

And They Pay Big Profit

AN AUTHORITY on city making writes that the ideal city, the city fresh and pleasant enough for a man to live in, has at least one tree to every five inhabitants; that would mean one tree to a family, or about one to a house with parks happening frequently enough to double up on tree planting to make up for the apartments. Springfield, Massachusetts, has a tree for every five people; Worcester in the same state has one to every eight. A parallel column of trees and people in Washington, D. C., has not been prepared but there are probably enough to keep that city ahead. Tree planting to beautify the national capital has been the city's policy since before 1803, when there is record of an ordinance passed making it punishable by a fine of \$5 to cut a tree in the city. A city cannot have better friends than trees and grass.

Humans are seething this year. Over in Norway and Sweden democracy and republicanism are about boiling over. Russia is watching like a great ogre to devour what it can, and the rest of Europe watching like a cat at a mouse hole to see that Russia does not gain an inch.

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald This Date 1900.

W. H. Henry is in the city from Stein's Pass.
Mrs. J. Cordier left yesterday for Los Angeles.
C. R. Morehead and family are visiting in California.
Ed Greek has left for Lordsburg, N. M., where he will take a position.
C. M. Doggett and Dr. R. M. Powers are spending a few days in the city.
Will Kraft and R. Anderson were in the city yesterday from Chihuahua.
Mr. and Mrs. A. McMartin, of Raton, N. M., are visiting friends in this city.
James and Juana Stephenson, of Las Cruces, are guests in this city.
Engineer Stead has returned from a three weeks' trip to Santa Rosalia, Mexico.
Postoffice Inspector C. L. Doran and A. J. Loomis, of the revenue service, were in El Paso yesterday.
Attorney Leigh Clark is expected to arrive in the city tonight from Deming, where he went on legal business.
Mrs. L. Anderson, Miss M. L. Williams and Miss Nellie Lucas, of Carlsbad, N. M., are visiting in this city.
The federal court did not convene as was expected today. Judge Boatman and various attorneys of the court failed to arrive on schedule.
Mr. and Mrs. Allen Blacker have issued invitations to the marriage ceremony of their daughter, Miss Mary

LITTLE INTERVIEWS

"VILLA is a leader who leads, for I saw him on the firing line at Torreón, waving his hat and urging his men into battle," said George C. Carothers, who recently returned from Torreón, after observing the fight as the representative of the United States government. "He would stand with his hat in his hand, waving the men to the front and calling on them to 'go get the federals.' As the fight grew warmer he would increase his gestures with all the time in Spanish to the men to hurry. He saw to it that there were no loners on the firing line and that every man was engaged."

"The road to Clouderoff for automobiles is in good condition, with the exception of one mile between Toboogan and Clouderoff," said H. B. Stevens, who returned Wednesday from Clouderoff. "The road road from Otero county has promised to fix this piece of bad road and it will be a good run up the mountain for automobiles when this is completed. This new road will be ready for another year by way of Hayes canyon, but the old road will be fine if it is repaired the mile that is in bad condition."

"The only difference between an automobile and a horse," said Charley Henderson, "is that you have to crank the other is a self starter. Yet that is some difference after I watched 'Dad' Warnock trying to crank the auto, and 'Dad' today, 'Bill' Stewart took the auto out for the last time Tuesday night at 11 o'clock. The car stood in that cold wind the rest of the night and Tuesday morning when 'Dad' came to the station the engine was good and cold. There was a call for the auto, and 'Dad' seized the crank to make a quick getaway. Round and round the crank went, but the engine didn't start. They stood in the line and one good turn at the crank. It was the fireman last in line who started the engine. I think 'Dad' said a Sunday school lesson when he finally got under way. I will stick to my horse. I carry my spark and gasoline through the streets every day. All I have to do is to apply them and my horse carries me to my destination."

"El Paso is the most progressive city in the building line I ever saw," said Lemuel Smith, of Del Rio, Texas. "There was here a little over two months ago, but it seems like El Paso is a new city. When one thinks that every available space has been occupied by a home, another addition is opened up and the building of homes continues. I have always considered El Paso one of the best cities in the state, yet its building activity is nothing short of amazing. When one stops to consider that El Paso is located in a mining district and in the coal country to Mexico, it is not surprising that the city should have grown as it has and is doing. With conditions in Mexico restored to their normal state, this city is going to make great strides. Yet in spite of the revolutionary troubles in Mexico, El Paso has been able to continue. That, to my mind, is conclusive proof of the real merit of El Paso as a city. It grows of itself and solely because of its own merit, coupled with the spirit of its citizens."

"Every meeting that the Woman's club holds makes us realize more intensely the need of a club building of our own," said Mrs. C. E. Campbell. "To have a club house of our own has long been the dream of the club, and from the present outlook this dream may be realized soon."

"Our American composers are creating such really worthy music," said Mrs. J. J. Pearce, "that we in the music department of the club have enjoyed studying their work through this year. Concert artists are more and more using numbers by American composers for their concert work, and it has been the aim of the club to familiarize ourselves with these selections so that although we may be far from the big music centers, we can still keep in step with the moving of the world about us. American composers are demanding, too, more that their work should stand side by side with that of foreign artists, and in programs where American and foreign composers are compared most favorably indeed."

GEN. SCOTT ORDERED TO REPORT.
Gen. Hugh L. Scott has been ordered to report in Washington for duty as assistant to the chief of staff of the army on or before April 16. He received a message from the war department Wednesday afternoon, directing him to proceed to Washington to take station. He will leave the city on the week of the national capital.

Grant, to George Halle, on Wednesday, April 15. Mr. Halle has been employed in the G. H. freight office at this point for several years.
The county commissioners held their regular monthly meeting today. Considerable discussion was aroused over the size of the smallpox hospital bills.
Conductor John Merriman, of the G. H., who has been tied up at San Antonio, Texas, because of the warship near that point, is expected to arrive tomorrow morning.
J. H. George, a professional golfer, arrived in the city today for the purpose of giving instruction to members of the El Paso Golf club. W. G. Walz generously took the bill.
The Elks of El Paso lodge No. 187 have elected the following officers for the year: P. W. Pitman, exalted ruler; George Ogden, esteemed leader; knight; C. E. Blas, esteemed loyal knight; J. H. Adams, esteemed lecturer; Knight; Rube Leisner, tyler; Vance Fulkerson, secretary; S. J. Gartin, treasurer; H. R. Wood, trustee. S. J. Gartin was elected delegate to the national convention of Elks.
The El Paso railroad conductors have taken up the fight for the appointment of E. P. Currie as a member of the state railroad commission. A meeting will be held on Tuesday, April 10, for the purpose of furthering the cause of Currie. The following names have been affixed to the mass petition: T. A. (Hilly, Maurice McKeligan, W. Stockwell, C. K. Lockhart, T. Sullivan.

Hans Wagner

BY GEORGE FITCH.
Author of "At Good Old Straws."

HANS WAGNER, one of the world's greatest swat solists, resides in Pittsburgh during the overhauled season, but is very well known in seven other American cities where he is as welcome as a smallpot.
Wagner is one of the greatest musicians the world has ever known. There are people who agree at his musical ability and claim that a name-sake of his, Richard Wagner, who died some years ago, produced for greater music. This is preposterous, however. Richard Wagner never uplifted more than 4000 or 5000 people at a sitting and it took three and four hours of incessant playing to do this; whereas Hans Wagner, by one single, exquisite quadruple bass thump, has brought 20,000 people to their feet and has sent them home happier men and women.
Wagner produces his music with a common hickory bat. In his leisure moments he plays shortstop for the Pittsburgh team. He is a stout, short man with large, well-branched legs and a pair of hands that are as grabby as an oil trust. If the regular army were to shoot at him he would shoot it down with one hand, pick it up with the other, and shoot it to first before it had time to explode.
Wagner is an old man, as baseball players go, and has been around Pittsburgh for a good many years. Sometimes he bats .400 and while the other is a self starter, he is not a self starter. He is a great enough to make himself a great bat in New York, Chicago and elsewhere. Wagneritis is a common and very distressing disease among young pickers.

Wagner Produces His Music With a common hickory baseball bat.

of his talking with his bat. There are few things more eloquent than a balanced hickory bat, by this eminent gentleman with the bases full and the enemy only one run ahead. Copyrighted by George Matthew Adams.

Judge Burns Uses Common Sense

United States Jurist Does Not Let Dignity of Federal Bench Interfere With Justice.

JUDGE WALLER T. BURNS does not let the dignity of his position as United States district judge interfere with his common sense. He often relaxes and makes facetious comments on cases that cause the court attendants to smile behind their hands. In spite of the marshal's admonition to "keep order in the court, gentlemen."

Wednesday morning Ballard Caldwell, police court recorder, appeared in the federal court, representing Bert Ramsey & company, charged with misbranding whisky in violation of the pure food and drugs act. "My client wishes to plead guilty," your honor, and pay a fine for the violation," Judge Caldwell said. "The district attorney claims that \$25 would be sufficient, considering the facts," he added.

"This is no police court," Judge Burns said. "The best part of the joke is that Judge Burns did not know that Caldwell was judge of the police court."

At the afternoon session Wednesday, Judge Burns called a number of civil cases which had been entered on the docket. No replies were received from attorneys in the cases. Putting his count rimmed glasses on, he said: "Mr. Hart just enter orders after each case continuing them because of the absence of attorneys. If the attorneys were here we would set aside the court order."

Excuses Several Petit Jurors.
Judge Burns then turned to the petit jury, which was drawn Monday morning, but had nothing to do since that time but wait around the courtroom and answer roll calls. "If there are any of you who are needed at home you may be excused by stating your excuses," Judge Burns said.

One west Texan came down from the jury box timidly, tipped over to the clerk's desk and whispered something in Capt. Hart's ear.
"Tell it to the judge, friend, tell it to the judge," the district clerk said. "Sure you may be excused," the federal judge said with a smile. "I don't like the way you comb your hair, anyway."

"Judge, I am in business in El Paso, am very busy and have been away from my business since Saturday. I would like to be excused," a second juror said.
"You surely are a busy man and you are excused," Judge Burns answered the busy business man.

"I want to go back to my ranch in west Texas," announced a third juror with pleasure, sir, with pleasure," the judge assented with a nod.
To the remaining petit jurors Judge Burns said: "I can offer you but little encouragement but I will adjourn court until 10 o'clock in the morning."

Proceeding the excuse hearing session Judge Burns listened to a plea of guilty by a boy who said his name was Jack Hart. He was indicted on the charge of breaking the seal on a railroad car. He had no attorney and he told a badly mixed story of how he had broken into the car for the purpose of taking a suit of clothes in order to obtain a job.

Judge Burns looked him over from the heels of his run down low shoes to the top of his curly hair.
"Why did you want another suit, young man," he inquired. "Was not that suit sufficiently good for you to work in?"

The boy mumbled something about not being able to get the kind of a job he wanted in the suit which was frayed and out at the seat.

"What is your name," asked the judge sternly.
"I would rather not say, your honor," he answered.

"Has your name any especial value to you?"
"It hasn't much to me, judge but it has to my mother and sisters and I don't want to tell."

The boy unexpectedly answered and changed the smile on the face of the dignified judge. He took the case under advisement, and as the boy had already been in jail, it is a safe wager that he will not be dealt with severely by the federal district judge who can smile even in a United States district court bench.

The Daily Novelette

THE MYSTERIOUS PARCEL.

"They wouldn't believe what he told them, so to prove it, read what he did." From "Black Veil"—Israel Blane.

THE DAY Papa Bowersocks brought home the mysterious parcel was a memorable day in the first place. It was the first Thursday that week. In the second place, scarcely more than six days had elapsed since the preceding Thursday, and in the third place, on the day of the parcel, the family had realized that the next day would be Thursday, as the cat had killed the calendar.

"What do you think is in it?" cried Papa Bowersocks, holding it up in the air, while they all gathered around him in the vestibule.
"New keys for the piano," cried Mama Bowersocks, who was always thinking of something useful.
"No!" said Papa Bowersocks. "Somebody else gives it." "Gumdrops!" cried Grandma Bowersocks, who loved them.
"No! Novels!" cried Papa Bowersocks. "Grandma Bowersocks couldn't think of anything, so they all gave it up."

"Dynamite!" Papa Bowersocks told them. "No!" they cried. "We don't believe it." "Yes! I'll prove it!" cried Papa Bowersocks. Lifting the mysterious parcel high in the air, he held it with all his might on the marble floor of the vestibule.

"This Is My Birthday Anniversary"

"THIS one thing I do," These memorable words of Paul well express the single-mindedness, the directness, the concentration, that belongs to the youth who wins out.
For the older person, who has a past, the next words, "forgetting those things that are behind," are equally as important, and to all of us the next three apply, "I press on." These are sentiments to stiffen one's backbone.
Today's birthday anniversary record reads:

Opal Ferry, 11.
L. Lapowski, 16.
Louise Beach, 12.
Ethan Eaton, 17.

A ticket to the Bijou goes to each one of the above named boys and girls with The Herald's best wishes. Call at the office.

CUSTOM REVENUES ARE EXPECTED TO MEET ESTIMATES

Figures So Far Show Congressional Estimates Are Sound.

Washington, D. C., April 8.—Revenues from the customs during the fiscal year which ends June 30, 1914, will almost certainly meet and possibly exceed the estimates made when congress passed the tariff revision measures, according to figures made public by the treasury department. The statement, prepared by assistant secretary Malbone, is of importance to traders.

"It was estimated that the receipts from customs for the fiscal year 1914, which included three months under the tariff act of 1909, and nine months under the present tariff act, approved October 3, 1913, would amount to \$270,000,000, resulting in a loss of \$49,000,000 from the customs receipts of the previous year."

"The total customs collections for the nine months just ended amounted to \$225,500,000, showing a loss for the nine months period of \$24,500,000, as compared with the collections for the same period during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1913. As this loss is only one-half of the estimated loss for the whole year, it is probable that the receipts for the fiscal year, ending June 30, 1914, will exceed the estimate."

"It is to be noted that the loss in revenue during the months of January and February, 1914, amounted to \$2,000,000 and \$1,000,000, respectively. This was caused by the falling off of the duties paid upon sugar, retained in bonded warehouses pending the reduction of sugar duties on March 3, 1914. The customs receipts for these two months amounted to \$23,500,000 and \$17,500,000, respectively. The customs receipts for the month of March just closed were nearly \$28,000,000, against \$23,500,000 for the corresponding month of 1913."

"In view of the above figures it now appears that a monthly average of less than \$1,500,000 for April, May and June, the remaining three months of the present fiscal year, would bring the total of customs receipts up to \$270,000,000, the original estimate for this fiscal year. It is probable that receipts for the three remaining months will exceed this average of \$1,500,000, and that the total receipts for the fiscal year will run over the estimate of \$270,000,000."

100 Years Ago Today

GEORGE HENRY LOSKIE, a celebrated bishop of the Moravian church, died 100 years ago today in Bethlehem, Pa. Bishop Loskie was born in Russia in 1714 and passed his early life in that country. In 1802 he was appointed bishop of the Moravian church in America. During his bishopric, theological seminary was established at Nazareth, Pa. In 1811 he was obliged to give up his active duties on account of failing health. Bishop Loskie was the author of several theological works and also wrote an extensive history of the Moravian mission, among the North American Indians.

Capt. Arnold Is Transferred.
Washington, D. C., April 8.—Capt. Samuel Arnold, Ninth cavalry, at Douglas, Ariz., is transferred to the First cavalry.

HELPING A FIGHTER TO WIN

I TOLD HIM TO KEEP AWAY AND BOX—HE WONT DO IT—GOT NO BRAINS—SAID IF BRAINS WAS A BOULEVARD HE'D BE A COW PATH.

INDOOR SPORTS

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ABE MARTIN

W. E. Locke, who lives in East El Paso, was injured in an automobile accident in Pioneer plaza Sunday, and is confined to his home. He was struck by Ben Norton's Ford automobile which was being driven by The Herald building by Mr. Norton. Mr. Norton says he had shut off his engine and was coasting to the curb when he saw Locke walking ahead of him. He signaled with his horn and thought that the man heard it. The front wheel of the car passed over the man's foot but did not break the skin, Norton says.



Haint it about time fer th' farmer t' pass th' prosperity? Th' less a feller amounts t' th' better he looks in a plug hat.